Vol. IV. NO. 12.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND.

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, *No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)*
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1804.

The Unfortunate Lovers:

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

(concluded)

THE coutess de las Torres, as soon as he was gone, felt great uneasiness, having recollected him to be the baron de Silva, and was fearful that he too might recollect her, having unfortunately come out unveiled.* As soon as Elvira returned from conducting the stranger to the other side of the park, she began to think seriously of this unforeseen accident, which she feared might defeat all her precautions to conceal herself from the world. They spent the rest of the evening in consulting what was best to be done; the result was, that the countess and Elvira should change their abode the next morning. Nor were they mistaken in their conjectures; for the pursued stranger proved to be the baron de Silva, who was just returned into Spain, and, knowing the countess, no sooner reached Madrid, than he went to the count de las Torres, and informed him of his adventure, at the same time offering to conduct him to the place where the countess was concealed. The next morning they set off by break of day for the countess's retreat, and arrived there, before she and Elvira had put their design into execution. The enraged husband entered the house with fury in his eyes, demanding of the servant where the countess was. The servant, who was quite ignorant of his mistress's real name and quality, answered, that no such person as he described lived there, and that he certainly must have mistaken the house. The count, without waiting to reply, rushed, with his sword drawn, into the appartment where his wife was. The countess had now drank too deeply of the bitter cup of affliction, not to feel sufficiently weary of life, which made her receive him with uncommon firmness of mind. But the surprize at seeing her husband in that place, joined to her contempt of death, which she now expected would be her immediate fate, had cast such a fire into her eyes, and such an indignant glow of resigned beauty over her countenance, that it disarmed the arm just uplifted to take vengeance on his imaginary wrongs. Dropping his sword from his hand, it gave her an opportunity of taking it up. She then threw herself at his feet, and pointing it at her own breast, desired him, if he believed her guilty, not to spare, but strike home: 'For to the condition,' said she, 'to which I am now reduced, it is less cruel to deprive me of life, than to spare it.' In saying this, she burst into a flood of tears. The count had no power to reply. He appeared fascinated with her beauty, and looked upon her with eyes, which discovered to her that all his former tenderness had again taken possession of his soul; and after a long and affecting pause he addressed her as follows: 'Alas! madam, who is it that would not believe you to be innocent? Perhaps you deceive me, but I am ready to bury all in oblivion. I have neither the desire or power of doing you the least injury.' Saying which, they both burst into tears.

The countess then related to her husband every thing that had happened to her, both before and since her marriage, without disguising the least circumstance. He listened with attention to all she said, and seemed exceedingly astonished at many parts of her affecting story, to which he had been totally ignorant. In her recital she discovered so much susceptibility of soul, so much virtue, and delicacy of sentiment, that her husband, in spite of his own misfortunes, was unable to withhold from her his pity and compassion. He even intreated her to return with him to Madrid, since he was now assured of her virtue, and wished to make it public to all the world. The countess felt greatly affected with having obtained her lord's forgiveness, but begged he would permit her to spend the rest of her days in retirement, which now best suited a mind that had for ever lost all relish for public society. At length, her husband consented to grant her request, desiring only that she should quit that retreat for one more suitable to her quality. She repaired accordingly to a country-seat, which he had near Madrid, where the faithful Elvira accompanied her mistress.

In a short time after, the count received an employment from the king, which obliged him to go into Flanders. The countess, though still a stranger to happiness, enjoyed more peace of mind in her new solitude, than she had for a long time been accustomed to. But her misfortunes were not yet at an end. Her unalterable love for the marquis again continued to disturb her repose.

It happened that the duke de Lerme, father to the marquis, had rendered some important services to the duchess of Feria, who was a near neighbour of the countess de las Torres. The duchess, who wished to acknowledge the obligations she was under to the duke, in person, gave him an invitation to her house, from which time he often visited her,

* The ladies in Spain always appear veiled, when they walk out.

and expressed how happy he should be, if an alliance could be formed between her family and his. The duchess received the duke's compliment in a manner which shewed that her wishes coincided with his. He then proposed a match between his son the marquis de Lerme and her daughter Casilda, who was remarkably beautiful and accomplished.

The duke, upon finding that this proposal was not in the least relished by his son, was highly displeased, and began to treat him with unusual coolness. This determined the marquis, at last, to pay a visit to Casilda, whose beauty, powerful as it was, did not make the least impression upon a heart too deeply engaged elsewhere. At this time, there subsisted a great friendship between the duchess de Feria and the countess de las Torres, who often visited each other. It happened one morning, when the marquis came to wait upon Casilda, that he met the countess coming out of the duchess's apartment. The surprize and agitation which both felt is easy to be conceived. The countess soon learnt the cause, and would have feared the consequences of his visits there, had he not secured that occasion of describing to her the wretched state of his mind, and the injustice he should be guilty of in marrying Casilda, while his heart was insensible to every impression of love but for her. The virtue of the countess, which had hitherto supported her amidst all her afflictions, did not forsake her upon this severe trial. She even had the fortitude to persuade the marquis to marry Casilda. She knew, with reason, that her own virtue would be suspected, if once she was to obstruct that alliance. 'I look upon it,' said she, 'that I have still some influence over you. Convince me therefore, that I am not mistaken. I conjure you to marry Casilda, and to think no more of me. If you do not comply with my earnest request, I will for ever avoid your sight; for, whatever pain your marriage or absence may give me, your presence, circumstanced as I am, will be no less grievous, doomed as I am to wretchedness and misery. Convince the world, at least, that you are no longer attached to me. If you really love me, shew me that my honour and reputation is dearer to you than your own happiness.'

The countess then endeavoured to reconcile him to his destiny, and to support it with fortitude. She set before him so uncommon an example of virtue, that he durst not even venture to complain to her of his unhappy fate. A few weeks after, perceiving that there were no preparations for the marriage, she left the duchess de Feria's apartment abruptly when the marquis entered. He was now unable to bear the rigour with which the countess treated him; he found himself compelled to obey; he was unable to live without seeing her; and he perceived that she was determined to avoid him till he had complied with her rigorous sentence. Accordingly, he repaired to his father's house, and told him that all was ready for the espousal of Casilda. Though his conscience reproached him for marrying so amiable a lady whilst his heart was entirely devoted to another, yet he found it in vain to oppose the severe commands of the countess. The duke de Lerme was exceedingly pleased to find his son ready to comply with his wishes, and next day informed the duchess de Feria of it, whose eagerness for the match was equal to that of the duke.

The duchess, who highly respected the virtuous conduct of the countess de las Torres, paid her a visit, and acquainted her, that the marriage was to be solemnized the next day: a fatal day to all parties! for, on the very morning of the nuptials, the countess received the news of her husband's death in Flanders. This was a blow that struck her more deeply than almost any she had yet felt! To find herself at liberty on the very day that she had compelled Lerme to lose his, and to espouse another, was too much. It is true, he was not married, but how to suffer him to break his word with the duchess seemed impossible; yet she wished him at least to know her situation, without its appearing to come from herself. The death of the count was not publicly known. She therefore sent to the duchess de Feria, to acquaint her, having just received an account of her husband's death. She thought that this news must inevitably reach the ears of the marquis; but the message being only received by the duchess, she did not think it a proper time to inform the marquis of it, conceiving it might awaken his tenderness for the countess, and be the means of breaking off his marriage with Casilda. She therefore even took the precaution to forbid any one speaking, or carrying any letters to him, being fearful that the countess herself might inform him. When the latter found that the message was known only to the duchess, she began to fear that the marquis would be informed of it too late. In this sad situation, her mind experienced the greatest conflicts, which passion, modesty, and fear, could excite in a susceptible heart. Unable to prevail upon herself to inform the marquis of her present situation, she determined to consult her faithful Elvira, but she found that Elvira was already gone to the duchess de Feria's, and then began to hope the news would be conveyed to the marquis in the manner she wished, but finding Elvira stay longer than she expected, she determined to write to the marquis and acquaint him with the news herself, but before she had well begun the letter, she was informed that the marriage ceremony was performed, and without the marquis's knowledge of the additional affliction which was so closely combined with his new alliance. At this news she sunk motionless in her chair, and was so overcome with grief, that it was some time before she was able to speak. As soon as she saw Elvira, she enjoined her not to say a word upon the sad subject of her woe: 'But let us depart,' said the countess, 'I have nothing more to do in this world but to let my soul at least profit by my misfortunes.' The next day, accompanied by Elvira, she went and shut herself up in a convent.

The marquis de Lerme heard of the count's death, the day after his marriage, upon the news of which, he fell into the utmost despair. He went to the convent to which the countess had retired, but he neither [illegible] permitted to see her, or to write to her. He then became frantic with grief. The agitation of his mind was too much for him to sustain. It threw him into a violent fever, which carried him off in a few days.

TRIFLE.

A BARBER once asked an old misanthropical quiz, what could be the reason that women had no beards? "Lend me the pen, said Surly, and I will write it down:

Nature, tho' prompt her bounty to bestow,
On woman's face ordain'd no beard to grow;
For, talking still for ever and for aye,
He who should shave, would slice their chins away."

The surest way of avoiding quarrels, is to check the first appearance of insult.

Violence is often made the veil of *cowardice*.

ANECDOTE.

THE late Dr. Franklin used to observe, that of all the amusements which the ingenuity of man had ever devised for the purpose of recreation, none required the exercise of more patient attention than *angling;* a remark which he frequently illustrated by the following story:—"About six o'clock on a fine morning in the summer," said the doctor "I set out from Philadelphia, on a visit to a friend, at the distance of fifteen miles, and passing a brook where a gentleman was angling, I inquired if he caught any thing?" "No, sir," said he, "I have not been here long—only two hours." "I wished him good morning, and pursued my journey. On my return in the evening, I found him fixed to the identical spot where I left him, and again inquired if he had any sport?" "Very good, sir."—"Caught a great many fish?" "None at all."—"Had a great many bites, though, I suppose." "Not one, but I had a *most glorious nibble!*"

THE EPICUREAN PRINCE.

AN APOLOGUE.

SOLYMAN the Great, at the commencement of his reign, was more luxurious than became so wise a Prince. One might have judged of the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his table: Some were sent from the Tigris; some from the Euphrates; others from Oxus and the Caspian sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his Nobles, Mustapha, Keeper of the Three Tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office; but instead of falling to, and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and fell a weeping. Solyman, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company: He would fain have been excused; but the King ordered him, on pain of displeasure, to acquaint him with the cause of his disorder.

Know then, said he, O Monarch of the Earth, that, when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision, which was sent me from the Prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and, in a few moments, conveyed me to the lowest heavens, where the Messenger of God, on whom be peace, was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in prefering a complaint against Solyman, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand. It was alledged by them that ten or twelve of them were often murdered to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels; some their fat; and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared such constant waste was made of them, that, unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The Prophet, hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him: They instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, to see whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men; when it was found to be just of the common size. He permitted all the animals to make reprizals on the body of their destroyer; but, before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; so ill proportioned was the offender to the offence.

This story made such an impression on the Monarch, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table ever after.

ANECDOTE

OF THE CELEBRATED MR. LOCKE.

THIS great man, in his earlier years, had contracted a very particular friendship with a young fellow who had lived in the same neighbourhood from his infancy. This esteem Mr. Locke carried so high, that he considered his friend's interest as inseparably connected with his own, and looked upon any instance of good fortune in either to be a means of advancing the welfare of both. However, having once got into the favour of some people in power, the friend began to envy the situation of Mr. Locke; and, judging of that good man's heart by his own, supposed he would withdraw his friendship as he increased his fortune.

Fraught with this opinion, he endeavoured to supplant Mr. Locke. in the esteem of all his friends, and to engage protection for himself, by the discovery of every secret which the other had trusted him with in the unsuspecting openness of his heart; finding, however, that all attempts of this nature were fruitless, he suddenly disappeared, and carried off a sum of money, the property of his friend, which he knew must involve him in the greatest distress. Mr. Locke felt severely for the perfidy of his friend, and was to the last degree surprized when informed of the methods he took to ruin his interest; but, still continuing his application to business and deserving the favour of his patrons, he was advanced to some places of no inconsiderable profit and honour.

One morning while he was at breakfast, word was brought, that a man in a very shabby habit requested the honour of speaking to him. Mr. Locke, whom no advancement could raise above the practice of good manners, immediately ordered him to be admitted, and found to his great astonishment his old friend reduced by a life of cunning and extravagance to the greatest poverty and distress, and come to implore his assistance and solicit his forgiveness. Mr. Locke looked at him for some time very stedfastly, without speaking one word; at length, taking out a fifty pound note, he presented it to him with the following remarkable declaration:

'Though I sincerely forgive your behaviour to me, yet I must never put it in your power to injure me a second time.——Take this trifle; which I give not as a mark of my former friendship, but as a relief to your present wants; and consign to the service of your necessities, without recollecting how little you deserve it.——No reply:——It is impossible to regain my good opinion, for know, friendship once injured is for ever lost.'

INSCRIPTION FOR A CLOCK.

I SERVE thee here, with all my might,
To tell the hours by day, by night:
Therefore example take by me
To serve thy GOD, as I serve thee.

The utmost effort of narrow thinking is the aversion which some people bear in their minds, to all those who do not happen to be born on the same spot, in the same little island, or in the corner of an island with themselves; they must surely be at a prodigious loss for something to value themselves upon, who are proud of the place of their birth.

From the (Wilmington Del.) Mirror.

SERMONS FOR DEMOCRATS,

BY TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

Daniel V.—27. TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

SHOULD some brave man whose heart beats high in the cause of suffering humanity dare to approach any Belshazzar of the present day with such independent, such bold language as my text—What my brethren would be the answer he would receive? What the treatment he should have reason to expect? What rage would sparkle in the eyes of the sycophantic tribe, that flutter round the great man?—Their visages would be distorted, impatience triumph in their gestures, at once the thunder would roll, and in one united voice would they cry, away with such a fellow from the earth—it is not fit that he should live: And yet let it be remembered there exists no man, whatever may be his grade in society, who, were he impartially weighed in the balance of equity, but to him the language of my text "*thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting*" would be an indisputable truth.

Thousands in the world, covered with the tinsel of wealth, surrounded by a numerous acquaintance, who for interested ends may flatter them in their views, like the great, the proud Belshazzer, unacquainted with themselves, believe they possess talents, which they never received; that their aims are honourable, and their patriotism pure in every point of view; their admirers fan the spark of self-approbation; when they speak, their sentences, how unmeaning or silly soever they may be, are received with bursts of applause, they are marked on fame's list as their country's guardians, the independent supporters of her liberties, and firm friends of man: When, lo! a single blast of adversity exhibits them in their true colors—it strips them of their gaudy robe in which they fluttered like the painted butterfly,—the gazing astonished multitude are undeceived, and to each of these pretenders they immediately can with the greatest propriety say, thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting.

See the truth contained in the text established by daily experience: Behold Hymenus how devoutly hath he walked for these several years, who so attentive in meeting! who so punctual in attendance on divine service! who so willing to exhibit his gifts! and display his graces! he received the approbation of all who knew him; for true religion is so lovely, and in all her ways so amiable, that those who are covered with her mantle though wholly destitute of her spirit, appearing like angels of light impose with ease on the approving world:—He rose from one degree of eminence to another, in his hands was placed the fortune of the fatherless, in his power the substance of the widow. He robbed the fatherless—he reduced to beggary the widow:—but he now stands displayed in his true colors, *he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.*

Turn your attention, my brethren, to the young, the gay the fascinating Amandus, for years, and months, and days has he been assiduous in his attendance on the lovely, the unsuspecting, the ingenuous Clara; how often hath he sworn to be her's and only her's for ever? By how many arts and deep laid schemes did he gain her affections, and with what villainous contrivances did he, under the sacred mask of inviolable love and disinterested friendship, in an unguarded moment triumph over her virtue—he robbed, 'tis true, the rose of its fragrance—he hath caused the lovliest lily of the valley to droop its head—he hath covered with shame an honest, an honorable old man, and filled the eyes of her grey haired mother with tears: and gracious Heaven! for such complicated villainy as this, is it enough that he is only weighed in the balance and found wanting.

But why confine ourselves to individuals? We are all intimately concerned; let the husband weigh himself with respect to his wife; the wife examine herself in her behaviour to her husband; parents in their attention to their children; children in their obedience to their parents; magistrates in their official characters: private citizens in their respect to magistrates,—let each suspend the impartical scales, let conscience observe the beam, and will not the sentence be? *I am weighed in the balance and found wanting.*

And my friends, can ye stand this impartial examination? Ye profess to be Democrats, true lovers of your country, despisers of private emolument when set in competition with public good: often do we hear you echo this great truth, the *majority ought always to govern;* and when once the WILL of the majority is known, it is absolutely the duty of the true democratic republican citizen to use his utmost endeavours to carry THAT WILL into effect. And yet assuredly it is no secret, for it hath not been done in a corner, many of you at every election set the will of the majority at defiance, another standard is raised, brother against brother, and in direct opposition to the principles ye have avowed. Ye thus exert all your power and influence to pull down that which ye have formerly erected. What can we say of such? What can they say of themselves? If we place them in the balance will not such be found wanting.

To conclude, remember my dear friends, the foundation of society is *union of sentiment*, reduced to uniformity of action; undermine this foundation and the glorious superstructure will tumble into ruins. Suffer not therefore designing men by smooth words to beguile you of your simplicity, by drawing you aside from uniformity of action; it is not, it cannot be the public good they have in view: try them, you will find it is private emolument, turn from them, pass away, say not unto them, "we are as ye are, and our people as your people," but in the true spirit of democratic lovers of your country, point the finger and say in the words of my text, *ye are weighed in the balance and found wanting.*

TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. VII.

Religion, thou whose province 'tis to give
Thy vot'ries pleasures earth can never yield,
Be my companion whilst on earth I live,
And when death strikes be thou my potent shield.

THAT which has a tendency to elevate the soul and sublimate the mind, as it is conducive to happiness must be universally interesting. For this purpose I know of nothing better calculated than religion.

The mind of man is capacious—human philosophy with all its treasures cannot satisfy its desires—earth is too small for it to fix its rest upon—it grasps at infinity. Finding then its comprehension is so extensive, we cannot be said to enjoy contentment unless an object be found on which the soul shall delight to dwell.

Where then shall this object be obtained? is it in the transitory pleasures of life which charm for a season, but are subject to the capricious blasts of human incidents? Certainly not.—Is it to be found by the dictates of our own inlina-

ions—by a dependence on our own wisdom, can these point out to us the chief good? Most assuredly they cannot: 'The heart of man being deceitful above all things,' our enjoyments thus obtained would "be like the morning cloud, and as the early dew." In what manner then shall we attain to this all-important, this most desirable end? *Athenian* philosophy has been proved inadequate to the discovery—modern sophistry has not been able to quench that spark of immortality which glows within us. It has been said, that reason will guide us safe amidst the storms of life, and waft us over the shoals of error and uncertainty without danger. Reason is but a natural power, consequently it is mortal:—Conscience that principle of the soul which impels from evil, is a powerful spring to regulate our actions; yet even this, unaided by the light of revelation, is subject to error: Through this faculty it is that inspiration is conveyed from the soul, and when thus enlightened we no longer groupe in ignorance; but, destitute of this light, conscience is subject to delusion, error, prejudice and all the irregularities of human nature.

Where then shall we find a certain foundation on which to build the fabric of temporal and eternal felicity?—where, when age creeps on and vanquishes the pleasures of youth, supplanting the joys of meridian life with the infirmities attendant on the decay of human nature? when the rose shall be faded to our sight, and the trees which have blossomed with delightful prospects, shall have cast their fruit and are withered by the blast of night?—I answer, religion is the only solace.—Divine principles, imbibed in the morn of life, will afford us matter for sweet contemplation in the evening of our existence, it is this which has the power of enabling us to enjoy the society of angels—it is this which has the power of charming even when excruciating pains rack our mortal frames—it is this alone, which can rob death of his terrors, and give him the appearance of an angel of comfort.

Seeing then the inconsistency of every system which does not lead us directly to this end, why should man hesitate in his determination?—Let him search the immutable oracles of truth; there he will find precepts of morality, maxims of virtue, and a guide of life, which even *professing* atheism does not deny to be superior to any system philosophy has produced since the sun of science eminated the literary world: With what purity of sentiment and sublimity of conception are fraught the inspired instructions therein written; how tenderly does the SAVIOUR invite mankind to embrace those principles which are the surety of present tranquility and the earnest of everlasting joys!—He strews the rugged path of life with flowers, he drank the bitterest cup of death and wrested terror from the gloomy grave:—The religion he inculcates is an asylum for the oppressed—he is the physician that binds up the broken hearted—he is the friend that wipes the tear from the eye of the child of affliction—he is the monarch that sways the sceptre of the universe—he breaks the bands of the captive and sets at liberty the disconsolate prisoner.—If then such beauties are to be found in a system so congenial to the soul, why should we torture ourselves on the rack of opposition?—We know by observation, and are convinced by daily spectacles of mortality, that we must die! It is therefore necessary we should be prepared to meet this irrevocable sentence, by making religion our dearest companion, a companion that will not forsake us at that trying hour, but enable us to meet the stern conqueror with a smile.

SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—IV.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SINCE last week, I had the pleasure of witnessing an adventure which appeared very pleasing to me, and terminated in shewing how serviceable my power may prove, not only in exposing the vices and follies of the age, but also in causing, frequently, their immediate reformation.

The other day I received an invitation from a friend of mine, who lives in a city *not many* miles distant from Philadelphia. Having a few days unappropriated, I concluded they might, as well as not, be spent in the society of a friend; which consideration induced me to comply with his request.

During the course of the first day, various subjects engrossed the conversation. Towards evening, when the time to sup drew nigh, the lady of the house sent a servant for bread, which being brought, was put on the table laid for supper. A person present observed that the loaf was rather small and appeared as if it were lighter in weight than according to law it ought to be. Whereupon I suggested a wish that it might be weighed, which was done, and the bread found *too light*. At this the company seemed much surprised, more especially so, as there is an officer in the town whose duty and whose interest it is to visit occasionally the bakers, weigh their bread, and if it be wanting, take and divide it into different portions, one whereof he keeps himself, the other goes to the poor.

The thought struck me, there was some fraud practised by the baker, from whom the bread was bought. On enquiry, I was informed, he lived in the neighbourhood, and his dwelling being pointed out to me, I noticed it particularly, having previously determined to wait on him in an assumed form, to discover, how he contrived to deceive the officer already mentioned.

Agreeably to this determination, early the next morning I visited Mr. ——, whose bake-house (as it is termed) was in the cellar. Soon after my entrance he began to draw bread out of the oven; the first, and by far the greatest part, was instantly carried into a large closet up stairs, FOR SALE; the other was put in baskets for that purpose, covered over, and left in the bake-house. Scarcely had this been done, when a person came in, whom I knew to be the officer, by a servant he had with him carrying a basket and scales. He directly asked for the bread, that he might try if he "could not take some for his breakfast." "Indeed," replied the baker, "I don't think you will; however, you may try." He then weighed, and he found it to be *good weight*. Which done, he asked Mr. —— if he had *no more* in the house? "No," was the answer, "the other part has been sent out already to my customers." With this the officer, apparently satisfied, was going out of the door; perceiving which I flew to the mouth of the oven—cried out, "Return! the *vile deceiver*, has told you a falsehood, there is a large closet up stairs filled with bread—go—seize it, by law 'tis thine." You may judge the astonishment of both, at hearing an unknown voice issue from a place where they saw no person—the officer and his servant stood as though they were rivetted to the spot—the baker, conscious of his guilt, trembling fell on his knees, repeating the name of SANCTA MARIA, till quite overcome by fright, he

fell on the ground, seemingly lifeless. At length, however, the officer recovered and called the family together, who, by great exertions, restored him to his senses. When, in a most excellent prayer to Heaven, he confessed his fraudulent dealings, begged forgiveness, and promised to act, in future, with uprightness and honesty. He afterwards delivered all the "*light bread*" to the officer, who, seeing Mr. ——'s sincere repentance, promised, and caused the servant to do the same, that nothing concerning this occurence, should be made public, little then suspecting there was a PROTEUS present, who would relate the circumstance; yet no discovery of the persons will be made, as I have obtained my friend's *parole of honour*, that it shall not be mentioned by any of his family.

Let now this be a warning to the bakers of Philadelphia, many of whom practise similar tricks, lest unexpectedly I should "come upon them," which if I do, they shall be exposed without reserve. Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

THOUGHTS,

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN.

PRIDE, ignorance, folly, and affectation, sink women so low in the eyes of men, that they easily dispense with themselves from a strict observance of those delicate attentions, and respectful regards which the sex in general claim by the laws of politeness, but which sense and discernment never pay to the trifling part of it.

It is agreed on all sides, that the sure supports of conjugal felicity are the unreserved friendship, and mutual esteem of the parties; now it is an axiom, that friendship cannot exist but between virtuous minds; and surely no dreams of a lunatic were ever more visionary, than to suppose there can be any abiding pleasure without virtue, since in our system of being there is nothing durable but the consequences of it.

Many a thoughtless female, who despised all considerations but rank and riches, serves only to exhibit a wretched spectacle of their insufficiency.

The truest satisfactions in life are not necessarily connected with great estates, but are to be found among persons of all conditions, whose lives are governed by sense and virtue.

The polity attachments too frequently give young ladies in a middling station an unhappy propensity to dissipation and pleasure, and indispose them to the ordinary and necessary occupations of life. It may be useful to consider what probability there is, that an appetite for distinction may be gratified, and then examine what superior happiness such envied distinctions necessarily confer.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

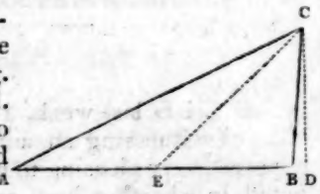
MR. SCOTT,

I SEND you a solution to TOM BANG's question; though I do not think you need insert it; as both the question and its solution may be seen by turning to the 58th, problem of the appendix to Simpson's algebra.——TOM BANG the merchant must surely think himself one of the *knowing ones*, or he never would attempt vending imported, for home manufactured goods. I would advise him, however, in future to choose his assortments for this purpose, from some other *ware-house* than that of SIMPSON & Co. TIMOTHY PLAIN.

SOLUTION.

Draw the right line A B equal to the given base, and on it let a segment of a circle be described (by 33. 3) to contain an angle of 60°. Bisect A B in E and from the centre E at the distance 36 let a circle be described cutting the first in C; join A C, B C; and A B C will be the triangle required.

The calculation may be thus: as tang. 60° is to rad. so is A B to 22, 01. And as 22, 01 is to A E+C E so is C E—A E, to the perpendicular C D,=25, 98; therefore 24×25, 98=623, 52 chains, or 62. A. 1. R. 16. P, the area.



*** Another solution is received from *N. Major*, but as the question is not an original one, the editor deems the above, together with *T. Plain's* reference, sufficient.

THE KISSES.

IN the summer of 1785, a certain baronet sent his lady from town down to his country seat: but being himself detained by business in town, he was prevented for several days from following her. In the mean time, one of his most *intimate friends* and *dearest companions* proposed to the Knight to pay his lady a visit in his absence, with a view to divert her in her retirement till the arrival of her husband. The Knight not only gave his proposal a friendly reception, but gave him the following introductory *bill*, addressed to his lady:

London, May 29, 1785.

"My dear,

"Please to pay the bearer, on sight, the full sum or number of *three kisses*—value received—and place to the account of, My dear, your's for ever,

* * * * * * * *."

The lady, like an obedient wife, *honoured* the *bill* on demand; but the friend unluckily continued to draw such large *sums* of the same *commodity*, upon credit, that the whole *bank* of love was at length exhausted, and the lady, on the arrival of her husband, the Knight, found herself a *bankrupt* in love to him. In a word, the affair was discovered, and a divorce was sued for and obtained. Never were the poet's words better verified than in this trifling business:

What dire effects from little causes spring!

Yet trifling as it is, it well serves to shew that beauty is a thing not to be trifled with; and that the jewel Chastity, can never be guarded too strongly from the hands of rude spoilers, because the least touch will sully it.

ANECDOTE.

IT was an annual custom with Dr. Johnson's bookseller, to invite his authors to dine with him; and it was upon this occasion that Dr. Johnson and Dr. Rose met; when the following dispute happened between them, on the pre-eminency of the Scotch and English writers. In the course of conversation, Dr. Warburton's name was mentioned; when Dr. Rose observed, what a proud imperious fellow he was—Dr. Johnson answered, "Sir, so he was; but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchannan."—Dr. Rose, after enumerating a great many Scotch authors, (which Johnson treated with contempt) said, "What think you of David Hume, Sir?"—"Ha! a deistical scribling fellow"—Rose. "Well, be it so; but, what say you to Lord Bute?"—Johnson, (with a surly bow wow) "I did not know that he ever wrote any thing." Rose. "No! I think he has wrote *one* line that has out-done any thing that Shakespeare, or Milton, or any one else, ever wrote."—

Johnson. "Pray what was that, Sir?"—Rose. "It was when he wrote an order for your pension, Sir."—Johnson, quite confounded—"Why that was a very fine line, to be sure, Sir."

THE VENERABLE TORTOISE.

FEW have any idea of the surprizing longevity of the Land-Tortoise (commonly called the Land-Turtle.) The following instance, however, which is well authenticated, will put this matter beyond a doubt. In the year 1746, one of these creatures was caught by a person in Massachusetts, who engraved on the under shell the figures 1746, together with the initials of his name. Fourteen years afterwards, it was found, by a gentleman, about a mile from the spot where it was first taken, and marked W. S. 1760.—About thirty years afterwards, it was found a third time in the same vicinity, and being brought to the gentleman last mentioned, he renewed his mark, adding "September 1790." This venerable animal was again set at liberty for another tour. It is observable, that he appeared of the same size as when first taken, 44 years before: and, as long life is generally preceded by slow growth, both in the animal and vegetable world, it was concluded, he had been an inhabitant of the state more than sixty years, having been both royalist and republican, and, in the worst of times, adhered to his country, when some others, with more brains, but less constancy, turned their backs upon her. The life of this animal may, probably, in time, be published, unless he should out-live all his contemporaries.—in which case, he will have to trust for immortality to the industrous researchers of the nineteenth century.

Philadel[a], *March* 24, 1804.

GOLDSMITH's NATURAL HISTORY.

Mr. *Jacob Johnson* has just published an edition of *Goldsmith's Natural History*, abridged by Mrs. *Pilkington*: This work is very justly held in high estimation for its correctness of description and elegance of diction. The present edition is printed in a style of neatness which, to its original merits, adds that of typographical beauty: It is comprised in 2 vols. 12mo. at 2 dolls. 50 cts. & 3 dolls.

At a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia and the adjoining districts, held at the city hall on the 20th of March, 1804,

GEORGE LATIMER, Esq. in the chair,
JAMES MILNOR, Secretary.

The present meeting having been called for the purpose of taking into consideration the distressed situation of the inhabitants of the town of Norfolk, in consequence of the recent fire at that place, and to provide some means for contributing to their relief, it was resolved unanimously—That with a view to call into activity the benevolent wishes of our fellow citizens, committees be appointed, consisting of four persons for each ward in the city, twelve for the township of the Northern Liberties, twelve for the district of Southwark, and four for the townships of Moyamensing and Passyunk, to obtain from the citizens residing in the several above-mentioned places, such sums as they may be willing to bestow for the above-mentioned purpose.

The following gentlemen were appointed to compose the several committees:

Upper Delaw. ward.—Jacob Schreiner, Thomas Allibone, William Rush, Lewis Rush.

Lower Delaw. ward.—John Morrell, jun. Benj. Thaw, Sallows Shewell, Thomas Morris, jun.

High-street ward.—John Morrell, Silas E. Weir, Frederick Shinkle, jun. Joseph Price.

Chesnut ward.—James Stokes, George Heberton, Mathew Carey, James M'Glathery.

Walnut ward.—Samuel Coates, George Bartram, John Evans, Wm. W. Woodward.

Dock ward.—Thomas M. Willing, Joseph Lownes, Joseph S. Lewis, John Purdon.

New-Market ward.—Peter Barker, John Douglass, Anthony Cuthbert, Jas. Stewart, N. Market.

N. Mulberry ward.—Edward Pennington, Alexander Cook, Caleb North, John Hay.

S. Mulberry ward.—William Geisse, Guy Bryan, John Rugan, William Powel.

North ward.—Robert Ralston, John Maybin, Alex. Henry, Jacob Baker.

Middle ward.—Thomas Leiper, Godfr y Haga, Simon Gratz, Hector Kennedy.

South ward.—Joseph Worrel, Joseph Taggart, Thomas M. Hall, John Welsh.

Locust Ward.—Abraham Shoemaker, John Ashley, David Claypoole, Benj. W. Morris.

Cedar ward.—Clement Humphreys, William Stevenson, Richard Price, George Summers.

Northern-Liberties.—George Budd, Thomas Norton, Thomas Barnes, William Binder, John Newbold, John Trout, Frederick Wolbert, George Gorgas, Joseph Grice, William Condon, Samuel M'Ferran, Thomas W. Pryor.

Southwark.—William Penrose, Thomas Bickham, Wm. T. Donaldson, Joseph Snyder, Joshua Humphreys, Robert M'Mullen, Ebenezer Ferguson, John Thompson, grocer. Peter Miercken, Robert Gaw, Robert Allen, William Sheed.

Moyamensing and Passyunk.—John Hunter, Andrew Hannis, Philip Peltz, George Morton.

Resolved, That *ROBERT RALSTON* be appointed to receive all such sums of money, as may be collected by the several committees.

Resolved, That *George Latimer* and *James Milnor* be a committee in conjunction with the treasurer to ascertain the amount of monies collected, to publish a statement thereof, and to transmit the same to Norfolk, for distribution.

Resolved, That the secretary cause a sufficient number of subscription papers to be printed, for the use of the different committees.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting, signed by the chairman and secretary, be published in the newspapers, and that it be earnestly requested of the gentlemen appointed to collect subscriptions, to pay the earliest possible attention to the business.

GEORGE LATIMER, Chairman,
JAMES MILNOR, Secretary.

The treasurer, Mr. Ralston, resides at No. 103 South Front Street.

Subscription papers will be furnished by the secretary at No 193 Chesnut street.

MARRIED—On Thursday [illegible] by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, *James Ash*, Esq. to Mrs. *Rachel Douglass*, daughter of the late Gen. Jacob Morgan of this city.

—— Same evening by the Rev. George Potts, Mr. *John Kelly* to Miss *Catharine Nelson*, daughter to Capt. Wm. Nelson (New Market) all of this city.

—— On Sunday evening last, (18th inst.) by the Rev. Dr. Henry Helmuth, Mr. *Joseph Schrack* to Miss *Sarah Keller*, daughter of Mr. Adam Keller, all of this city.

—— Same evening by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. *William E. Wright*, to Miss *Mary Kite*, both of this city.

DIED—On Sunday last, (18th inst.) Captain *Jacob Binder*, of Kensington, Northern Liberties, in the 69th year of his age. He was an uniform whig, and took an active part during the American revolution. He died much lamented by many of his old companions of 1776.

COMMUNICATION.

"*Immortalia ne speres monet annus et almum quæ rapit hora diem*"

DIED on the 19th. inst. LEONARD LEAR, in the 15th year of his age—Death in searching for a victim, could not have selected one better prepared to meet him. The piety and resignation of this amiable youth, was almost unexampled. Whilst others of his age, were trifling away their time in unprofitable amusements, he was accumulating a fund of that knowledge, which never fails to render man happy. By being deprived of him, a fond mother has lost an affectionate son; numerous relatives, him who was their pride and boast; and society a member, who promised to become one of its brightest ornaments.

"No speed of foot prevents death of his prize,
He cuts the hamstrings of the man who flies;
Nor spares the tender stripling's back does start
T'out-run the distance of his mortal dart."

"We are all to one voyage bound; by turn,
Sooner or later, all must to the urn." *K.*

To Correspondents.

Several communications received shall be duly attended to.

The absense of *Adelio* is much regretted.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay half yearly in advance, 3 *dollars* per vol.

To distant subscribers 3 *dollars* per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at 3 *dollars* per vol unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will be added.)

☞ Letters (postage free) will be duly attended to.

Ornamental Hair.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, *South Second Street*, corner of *Dock Street*, an elegant assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian, Turban, Cecillian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable terms ——Orders will be thankfully received and dispatched at the shortest notice.

N. B. Wanted, two or three experienced workmen, none need apply but such as are fully acquainted with their business. ewy

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SONNET,

Sent with a white ribbon to a female friend of the author.

THE Queen of Beauty, to set off her charms,
A magic cestus round her waist oft wore;
And thus accoutred with heart-conqu'ring arms,
E'en gods her bright divinity adore.

But you, dear *Mary*, in as bright a sphere,
Boast those sweet charms, which friendship has defin'd
The beauties that adorn a virt'ous mind,
And ever pleasing to the sense appear.

Wear then this spotless emblem of your heart,
(As Purity is ever robed in white;)
Untinctur'd with that mean, that flippant art,
Which strives unmeaning flattery t'excite;
Be Innocence your guide—be Heav'n your aim,
And lasting honors shall attend your fame.

KASKADANDA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO ALITHEAN.

GOOD motive faith! young, ripe and plump,
A handsome, big, enrapt'ring lump,
As juicy as a grape;
O Cupid! hear your supl'ant's cry,
Propitious to his earnest sigh,
Grant him the wish'd for shape.

He wants no useless slender waist,
But of a dignified taste
He wishes *Rosa* fair;
This glorious armful's his desire,
'Tis she alone his soul can fire,
And save him from despair,

But why, O Alithean! why,
(Here is a charge you can't deny,
And I severely blame.)
You from a former plumpy maid
Acknowledge that you wand'ring stray'd,
Why glory in your shame?

Your little heart in prison pent,
With present bondage seems content,
A prisoner at will;
But being formerly untrue,
When one *more* plump appears in view,
'Twill be deceitful still.

Yet if their godships so decree
That plumpy *Rosa* yours should be,
(For fear your courage splinter)
Take my advice, suppress your fire,
In summer you'll too much perspire,
Delay till the next winter. B. B.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

Please to give this trifle a place in your useful paper.

⊤otent, soft passion of the human soul;
⊢n thee, distress can always find a friend
⊢o share her grief, and calm the waves that roll:
⊀our influ'nce sweet to all, to me extend. H.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

The following I presume to be a correct translation of the writing in figure-hand in your last Repository, with the key by which it is to be understood. M.

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much Virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give,
To as much Beauty as could live.

BEN. JONSON.

The Key.

A E I O U Y T L M N R S H
5 4 3 2 1 T Y 9 8 7 6 H S

*** *A similar translation is received from* Twice-Eight.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

The following, though not precisely a literal, yet I believe to be a correct translation of the ancient scrap inserted in page 79 of the Repository. X.

DEATH AND LIFE.

cur f w d dis & p
A sed iend rought ea:h, ease ain.
bles fr b br & ag

*** *The like translation is received from* Twice-Eight.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR correspondent *O*, in the Repository No. 9, gave us what he calls a "*Monkish Distich;*" why he calls it a distich, he can I suppose explain—I ever thought a distich consisted of two lines or verses, but this has four lines and part of a fifth, which makes it a curious distich indeed!!!—As monkish inscriptions were generally written in capitals, I suppose the first line should have been

"DE PRIORE NIHIL MALE LOQUI."

—There may be a concealed meaning in the words, but they will easily admit of the following translation.

Speak no evil of the Prior.
Preach according to your stipend,
Suffer the world to have its way,
For as the world wishes to go,
So it wills to go. P. Q.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR correspondent ALITHEAN, has no doubt a *taste* of his own, to this he has an indisputable right, and my sincere wish is, that his desire may be gratified with a lady whose ample waist may fill his brawny arms.—But why should he despise poor *Cloe*, because she has not the rotundity of a hogshead, or a fist like a shoulder of mutton? What a pity that this lover of beef and brawn had not written the second verse of his delicate production thus—

The lath-like *Cloe* strives in vain,
A slender waist will never gain
My *large, strong, thumping* heart,
Long since to a plump, rosy maid,
The *mighty bouncing* wand'rer stray'd;
From her 'twill ne'er depart.

This would have been in character; for assuredly, he must be a fellow of a gygantic frame, or his poem would be a satire on himself.

In the second edition of this beautiful poem (beautiful as delicate and delicate as liberal) I hope the author will not be offended by my wishing him to make the following alterations.

In the two last lines of the first and last stanzas I wish him to correct the grammar as, '*it* embrac'd and *will* fill,' unfortunately are not the same time:—Again, as I acknowledge I do not know what *enraptured arms* mean, I would be glad he would condescend to substitute *brawny arms*, which would be certainly characteristic.

In the last stanza except one, leaving the groveling subject of *skin and bones*, he takes a poetical flight, nor stops till he lands in the regions of Idolatry:—I would wish him, when next he prays, not to address non-entirics, as by so doing, he can have no hope of success: Perhaps he knows it not—if so, it is a pity so it is—that the temple of Hymen has been long ago demolished, and poor Cupid pronounced no god; they, poor things, had their day, but were at last found out to be only names given by cunning impostors—alas, ALITHEAN! thy benign gods are cyphers. PASQUIN.

THE COMPOSITION OF A

KISS.

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,
Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight;
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:

With these the magic dews which evening brings,
Brush'd from th' Idalian star by fairy wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentle pleasure of th' unspotted mind:

Gay dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow
And hope, the blameless parasite of woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs:

Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when th' enamour'd dove
Pours the soft murm'ring of responsive love;
The finish'd work might envy vainly blame,
And "*Kisses*" was the precious compound's name.